

## Host At Annual Open House Home Ec Dept.

More than 1180 guests registered at the annual Open House of the Home Economics Department, according to figures made available by Miss Helen Hawkins, head of the department. The turnout was considered especially noteworthy in view of the constant rain during the two days, April 12-13.

The guests, high school girls from the entire West Tennessee area and their home economics teachers, saw a number of most interesting activities and exhibits of the work done by their collegiate counterparts.

Members of the freshman textile and clothing classes presented a style show each morning in the college gym. At these shows the girls modeled clothes of their own design and making. Those present were especially impressed at the wide range of styles shown. The style show was directed by Mrs. Doris Milton, professor of Textiles and Clothing, while Janice Miles, freshman student from Dresden, acted as commentator.

The visitors were also presented a skit, "To Glove or Not To Glove." This humorous but enlightening skit brought out a number of lessons on when to use gloves and when not to.

An interlude of music was provided by Jack McNeil and Pete Walker, with Carolyn Milton at the piano. Jack sang "If" and "Poison Love," and Pete sang "Mockingbird Hill" and "My Wild Irish Rose."

Guests were taken on tours of the home economics building, where they saw exhibits of art work, a display of more dresses made by the freshmen, and exhibits of food and equipment in the Foods Laboratory.

## Students Have Chance For Travel In Europe

The Council on Student Travel, 53, Broadway, New York, is now offering the lowest rate available for student travel to Europe this summer.

Students and young people who wish to travel to Europe for educational purposes can be accommodated on American-built C-3's for as little as \$115 one way.

The Council on Student Travel co-ordinates the efforts of about 50 major groups interested in student travel abroad. The Council has worked since 1947 to make European summer travel available to students with limited budgets, and to prepare the students for the conditions and cultures they will find in Europe. The Council offers free of charge to its student passengers a ship-board orientation program.

During the nine-day trans-Atlantic passage, most of the students will live in dormitories fitted with clean, comfortable double-decker beds. Students will be responsible for making their beds each day. Meals will be served cafeteria style.

There will be a full medical staff aboard, a snack bar, and facilities for recreational and social activities.

The student ships will leave from a North American port, probably New York, June 8, June 25, and July 6 for Le Havre and Bremerhaven. Returning ships will leave Europe August 25 and September 7.

Students and young people interested in securing passage on these ships should write immediately to:

The Council on Student Travel  
53 Broadway  
New York, New York  
Whitehall 4-4449

## Forum Club Appears At McKenzie High

That Forum Club is off again! This time only six members of the club left the University's campus to stray afar. Bob Petty, James Covington, Bill Caldwell, Leroy "Doc" Crowe, Jane Wright and Carolyn Booth, amidst these typical spring showers, hurried off to McKenzie High School on Wednesday, April 11. There they were warmly welcomed by Mr. Steele, principal of the high school. On the program Bob Petty sang "Looking for Someone to Love," causing the girls to swoon and the boys to see stars. Following was Doc Crowe's smooth and sophisticated rendition of "Be My Love," accompanied by Jane Wright.

Captivating the audience was  
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## Knoxville Committee To Be In Martin Today

A three-man committee from the University of Tennessee will be in Martin next week. Members of the committee, who will arrive Tuesday barring unforeseen developments, will be J. H. McLeod, Dean of the College of Agriculture and Home Economics and Director of Extension Work; Dr. N. D. Peacock, vice-dean of the College of Agriculture; and Miss Jessie Harris, vice-dean of the College of Home Economics.

While at the Martin Branch of the University, the committee will be in consultation with local college officials. The conferences will be in connection with the committee's study of the expansion of the departments of agriculture and home economics at the College.

## Open House Is Highlighted By Fashion Show

One of the treats at the annual Home Ec Open House last week was the fashion show. This show, featuring dresses made and modeled by freshman girls, was given at the gym both days of the Open House. It was apparent to all present that both dresses and models were a hit with the audience. An added feature of the second day was the large number of boys present.

At the start of the show, Miss Helen Hawkins, department head, was introduced. After her word of welcome, Mrs. Stanford, nutrition teacher on the campus, was introduced. Mrs. Doris Milton, the faculty member in charge of the fashion show, was then introduced. The success of this year's show is the best tribute to the fine job done by Mrs. Milton. Commentator for the fashion show was Janice Miles, freshman student from Dresden, while Carolyn Milton, Martin freshman, provided the background music. The stage was attractively arranged and set off the dresses of the models.

It is hard to describe the different dresses, and it would be unfair to single any out for special attention. They were all most attractive. A large percentage of the dresses were made for school wear, but they made lovely afternoon outfits as well.

Plaids, gingham, chambrays—almost every kind was shown. Among the color combinations were brown and white, and blue and white, both highly suitable for spring wear.

Two suits were modeled. One was a white Bedford cord. The jacket was made from one pattern and the skirt from another. The second suit was a brown gingham based upon a Schiaparelli original. The unusual pockets of this outfit created much interest.

The "dressy" dresses were an added attraction. The organdies, piques, taffetas, and butcher linens really had all the style and appearance of expensive creations. All were stylish and sophisticated and worthy of inclusion in anyone's wardrobe.

Following the fashion show, the sophomore Home Ec. students presented a glove skit, "To Glove or Not to Glove." This skit presented in a humorous fashion many of the important do's and don'ts of proper wearing of gloves.

Two models all the girls would like to have (or very similar) helped with the program by singing. The first day Jack McNeil was the singer and the final day it was Pete Walker. Both caused many ah's and oh's.

Many useful gifts were awarded as door prizes to students, teachers, and guests. Louise Hurt, chairman of the gym activities, was in charge of the door prizes.

## Little 'U-T' Invaded!! Alamo Band Pays Visit To Campus

Wednesday, April 18, 1951 the yellow school buses arrived and off crawled "oddlies" of little folks (from the fourth grade up). The place was being invaded! It was the Alamo band coming for a band camp here.

The director, Francis Wolfe, thought it would be best for his band to come here and go through strict routine practice in preparation for the Strawberry Festival. They drilled constantly for about two hours in the morning, and  
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## Soprano Betty Young Appears In Concert Series Finale Tonight

Miss Betty Young, lyric soprano from Jackson appears at the College gym this evening on the final concert of the 1950-51 concert series.

Miss Young was born in Bemis, Tenn., and moved to Jackson at the age of 12. She began piano at the age of nine under Mrs. Samuel Stanworth, Jackson. She begged her family to permit her to take voice for several years before they consented. Her mother seemed to feel that her voice was not fully developed. At the age of 16 she was finally permitted to study voice under Mrs. Ann Hawkins, voice teacher at Union University. During her first year of study, she sang with other pupils before small family groups.

At Pine Manor Junior College, Wellesley, Mass., Miss Young studied for two years under the direction of Mrs. Sybil Webb Dougherty.

She spent a year in Chicago at the Three Arts Club and two years in New York at the Studio Club, where she was in close contact with other students as well as those who had already made a name for themselves in the musical world.

While in Chicago Miss Young studied under Louis Rousseau at the American Conservatory of Music. Mr. Rousseau was at one time one of the leading tenors in the Opera Comique in Paris, France. Miss Young became a member of Sigma Alpha Iota, National Music Fraternity, during her stay at the American Conservatory.

During her two years in New York she studied under L. Fabri in his studio in the Metropolitan Opera Building. Mr. Fabri is the teacher of Miss Dorothy Kirsten, famous Met star.

Miss Young also studied in the Opera Workshop at Columbia University in New York where she coached German and Italian Opera with Frederick Bland.

Miss Young has traveled extensively, having spent vacations at Rutgers Lodge in Minnesota,



BETTY YOUNG  
Sings Tonight

Virginia Beach, Va., Michilinda, Mich., Honolulu, Hawaii, and has toured Mexico. She spent the summer of 1950 in Italy studying voice, returning in time for her 1950-51 season under Young Artists Concert Management. This is her second season under this management.

She sang some of the solos in Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, with her School Glee Club when it performed with the Boston Pop's Orchestra in Symphony Hall in Boston. Miss Young also performed at a meeting in Boston of all the South American students, singing two numbers in Spanish.

Last season, Miss Young had many successful concerts under Young Artists Concert Management, displaying a full, lyric soprano of which one critic wrote, "a second Rose Ponselle at thirty with careful direction."

## Draft Deferment Plan For College Boys Clarified By Maj.-Gen. Lewis Hershey

Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, recently made public the Educational Testing Service aptitude test scores and class standing standards which will qualify college students for consideration for deferment. Local students can take their tests on the local campus, Mr. Meek announced last week.

The plan as announced provides for the deferment of students who have demonstrated required aptitude, or scholastic performance. The deferment is based either upon capacity to learn as demonstrated by the results of the nationwide test, or upon their performance in their study as evidenced by their standing in their class. While the plan provides for certain scores and class standing, it was pointed out that these are variables which may be raised or lowered to either increase or diminish the number of students in training, as the national interest shall require.

Before this is read all U-T age students under 26 of male will have had a group meeting with school officials to discuss the whole deferment situation and to receive material bearing upon the type of questions which will be asked on examinations scheduled at the college May 26, June 15, and June 30, 1951. Most students now in college taking the test should take the first test May 26.

Col. John B. Elliott, Director of Selective Service for Tennessee, said that application blanks for the ETS tests to be given college students in May and June will be available at Local Boards within a week or 10 days. The test scores, or scholastic standing in college or university, will be used by Local Boards in determining the eligibility of registrants to be considered for occupational deferment as students.

The application blanks, Col. Elliott said, will be available ONLY at Local Boards at a date to be announced later.

Col. Elliott said that State Headquarters and Local Board

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## B. S. U. Spring Retreat Provides Inspiring Weekend

The annual B.S.U. Spring Retreat was held this year at Carson Springs. The students from this college who attended were: George Horton, Elizabeth Penick, Wayne Zaricoor, Betty Neal, Jane Simpson, Mary Elizabeth Beard, Maxine Scott, Ralph Sparkman, Thomas Shelton, Betty Brewer Marie Gibson, James Baker, Annie Sue Clift, Ella Mae Clift, Jno. Edmonson, Rowena Newberry, Margaret Duncan (student secretary), Mr. Paul Wishart (faculty advisor), and Mrs. Wishart.

The group left the campus about five o'clock Friday morning in cars bound for Carson Springs. The camp is just this side of Newport in East Tennessee.

Upon arriving at Carson Springs the students were assigned rooms in one of the lodges. After freshening up a little everyone gathered at the dining hall to get acquainted with students from the other colleges represented and to eat supper. That mountain air really can make you hungry!

A very impressive program was presented after the evening meal. Eddy Nicholson of Carson-Newman, noted chorister, lead the group in a song service after which students from various colleges gave short talks and rendered special music. The evening program was closed with a message from Rev. Milburn, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newport.

Reveille was sounded at 6:45 Saturday morning, and believe it or not everyone from U. T. was on time for breakfast.

When the selection of State B.S.U. officers for the coming year was announced, this college was represented by Ella Mae Clift as State reporter. Congratulations, Ella Mae.

The scenery around the camp was really something to see and the students took advantage of all the free periods to see as much of it as possible.

Inspirational services and discussions were carried on all day Saturday. In the afternoon the Martin group presented a skit on attending State Assembly. The skit seemed to get the entire attention and approval of the group.

When the selection of the four student summer missionaries was announced, Annie Sue Clift received an appointment as student summer missionary to California.

Because of the time required to make the journey home, it was necessary for the most of the group from this college to leave right after breakfast Sunday morning. Three of the group remained for the Sunday morning services and reported that they were some of the best ones of the entire retreat.

Every student who attended retreat not only had a wonderful time, but enjoyed fellowship with students from other colleges and received inspiration to carry on the B.S.U. work on this campus.

## Shirley Milton Follows Sister Carolyn's Steps

Who said, "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place"? Well, in the case of the Milton sisters it did. Carolyn and Shirley, the lovely daughters of one of our faculty members, have both been chosen as Martin's representatives to the Humboldt Strawberry Festival. Carolyn received this honor last year and this year her younger sister, Shirley, was chosen to succeed her.

Last year Carolyn, now a freshman on the campus, was named Martin's representative and went on to be named Queen of the Strawberry Festival, competing against West Tennessee's fairest young ladies.

Shirley will be in line to succeed her sister and win a second consecutive Strawberry Queen title for Martin and her family. These two popular girls are the daughters of Mrs. Doris Milton of the home economics department.

## WADDELS BUY HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Waddell are the owners of a new home. The popular faculty member recently purchased the Dr. T. H. Mayo home on College St.

## Polly Chalker Crowned Queen; Marshall And Curtis Named Maids

A beauty revue for the selection of the Strawberry Festival Royalty was staged in the gymnasium, Thursday night, April 12 at 7 o'clock. There were 28 of our more beautiful co-eds who sailed, swung, and swayed across the stage to compete for the title of queen, first and second maids, and alternate maid. The young ladies represented fourteen of the different clubs of this campus, and they proved themselves to be able representatives, for there was keen competition, and the revue was excellent.

## Frosh Soc Party Scores Big Hit

The frosh scored another hit with their "Soc Party" on Friday night, April 20. Everybody came with the loudest, shoutingest, neon-signiest pair of socks they could find; however, all were in the shade compared to Spec McCollum's chartruese ones!

It was hilarious to look out at the dancers and see chartruese feet teamed up with red feet, rainbow feet teamed up with pink feet, and practically any other combinations known to mankind—in fact, the feet were hilarious.

Aside from feet, there were refreshments and a floor show. The refreshments were punch and cookies, and of course they went over with a bang, for who doesn't like to eat?

Honorable Robert Petty was the grand master of ceremonies for the floor show, which was a variety of songs by two very talented young gentlemen—Mr. Jack McNeil and Mr. Little Billy Caldwell. Carolyn Milton accompanied Jack as he sang "If" and "Prisoner of Love," and Billy Caldwell played his own accompaniment on the guitar while he sang "Mockingbird Hill" and "Golden Rock-et."

Maybe it was the floor show; maybe it was the refreshments; maybe it was the feet; and maybe it was fate. Whatever the cause, the party was a grand success.

## Faculty Women's Club Elects Officers

The Faculty Women's Club met Tuesday afternoon in the lovely living room of the Home Economics building. Due to the unavoidable absence of the president, Mrs. Ed Chenette, and the vice-president, Mrs. Russell Duncan, Mrs. Earl Knepp presided at the meeting.

The roll was called by the secretary, Mrs. James Harbison, and the minutes and treasurer's report read and approved. The nominating committee presented the following officers for next year: President, Mrs. Lloyd King; Vice-president, Mrs. Odell Jones; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. James Nichols.

A theatre party was planned for April 30 for the members and their guests. At the conclusion of the business meeting, a delicious party plate was served by the hostesses, Miss Helen Hawkins, Mrs. Vincent Vaughn, and Mrs. Harbison to the following members: Mesdames David C. Allen, Norman Campbell, Lida Belle Freeman, Macon Green, George Horton, Lloyd King, Earl Knepp, Harry Kroll, Paul Meek, James James R. Nichols, H. A. Patterson, Lucille Reed, Horace Smith, Gene Stanford, Georgia Thomas, Robert B. Webb, Paul Wishart and Misses Mary Burney, Mary Hall, and Ida Williams.

## Kroll Receives Another Honor

Harry Harrison Kroll has added another to his long list of honors. The popular faculty member is one of a group of American novelists listed in a new book. The book is titled *American Novelists of Today* and was written by Harry R. Warfel.

The book is a wonderful guide to the lives and achievements of the outstanding living novelists of this country. As such it is a long-needed contribution to the study and understanding of modern American literature.

The book consists of short but complete sketches of the various modern American novelists. The sketches have authenticity by being checked either by the novelists or by critics familiar with their work. There is also a photograph of each writer discussed.

As a background for the young ladies, the stage was decorated with lattice fence work and apple blossoms. Another ornamentation was the 1950 Queen of the Strawberry Festival, Miss Carolyn Milton, who played the organ for the gals on revue.

The judging team consisted of Mrs. James Tilman, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Mullins, who are a part of the official Humboldt judging team. Their task was not easy but their opinions were unbiased and they made an excellent choice.

The fair twenty-eight and the clubs they represented are:

Sophomore Class: Mary Jewel Caldwell, Peggy Whitwell.

Future Teachers Club: Peggy Evans, Bonnie Ragan.

Home Economics Club: Carolyn Booth, Patsy Stewart.

Business Club: Annie Lou Robinson, Betty Sullivan.

Veterans Club: Betty Le Cornu, Jane Rankin.

Freshman Class: Teresa Gravette, Joy Walker.

T-Club: Mary Alice Greer, Betty Wooten.

Freeman Hall: Betty Hunter, Alice Robinson.

Reed Hall: Mary Nell Johnson, Rose Smith.

Engineers Club: Miriam Jenkins, Nancy Marshall.

Ag. Club: Ellen McCleary, Jane Wright.

All Students Club: Rachael Fly, Beth Myracle.

S.C.A.: Polly Chalker, Jane Edwards.

K.W.B.: Barbara Curtis, Becky Glover.

From these girls, the judges selected sixteen, who were called out again. After another consultation, the judges then chose ten girls from the group of sixteen. They were: Betty Sullivan, Nancy Marshall, Polly Chalker, Jane Edwards, Barbara Curtis, Jane Wright, Betty Hunter, Alice Robertson, Betty Wooten, and Mary Alice Greer.

The judges then interviewed these "top ten" back-stage to test them at a closer range and on their personalities. The questions they asked were varied—ranging from "Do you plan to marry soon?" to "What do you think of the MacArthur-Truman affair?" Finally, after what seemed hours to the nail-chewing audience, the final selection was made and the "big four" were brought out and presented as winners.

Chosen as alternate maid was petite Alice Robertson. Alice is a freshman from Lake County who is enrolled in the education curriculum. Second maid was vivacious Barbara Curtis. Barbara is a Home Ec. girl from Grand Junction. First maid was Miss Nancy Marshall, whose dark beauty and sweetness would have been hard for anyone to resist. Nancy is a sophomore from Parsons, Tennessee.

The queen was led out last, and she was no surprise to anyone, for Polly Chalker had dominated the entire show. She presented a degree of naturalness and poise that equaled that of a professional, and her smiles were no strain at all. Other than these attributes, Polly has blond hair, blue eyes, a perfect complexion, and a figure that leaves nothing to be desired. She was crowned with a wreath of gladiolas, and soundly kissed by the master of ceremonies, Bill Brown.

Congratulations to these girls, and here's hoping!

## COLLEGE STUDENTS ATTEND FFA MEET

Billy Joe Adams and Harold Lineberry will attend the State FFA convention this week-end at Chattanooga. Adams is vice-president and Lineberry reporter for the state group.



## THE VOLETTE

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## THE PEST

There is a great pest on our campus, one that causes much irritation to students and teachers alike. This particular vermin that infests us cannot be removed by insecticides or D.D.T.—oh, that it were that simple! This great irritation causes many of us a great loss of sleep; it tears teachers away from their home at unnecessary times, and it is driving me insane.

I am speaking of Saturday classes, and I am not alone in my convictions. On Saturday mornings there are millions of little things that need to be done that have to be put off because of classes. Clothes need washing and ironing; rooms need cleaning; hair needs shampooing; trips to town for the purchase of buttons or thread, or the repairing of shoes, or some odd errand seem inevitable; and of course, one has never studied too much. As for the teachers, they need to play baseball with the kids, just plain relax, repair a broken chair, wash the car, and countless other odd jobs. Yet all these things must be crammed into Saturday afternoon—naturally that leaves many of them undone.

Usually classes come first, but seemingly there is a doubt here. There are few classes scheduled on Saturday mornings, and I wonder why these could not be moved to sometime during the week. Every student has a few hours off during the week—at least all those having classes on Saturday do, and I believe it would be hard to find anyone, student or teacher, who would not prefer having every hour full during the week, rather than have Saturday classes. Even if it necessitated the enlargement of some of the classes, I believe that the abolishment of Saturday classes would help a great deal.

## NO NEWS IS BAD NEWS

Getting out a paper is quite a job, and it is usually a thankless task. No one is ever entirely pleased—one section of the paper is ridiculous; another article is stupendous. That is one person's opinion, and the next fellow's will be a complete reversal. A paper, however, is not published entirely to please the reader; it is also written to inform or tell—when it does not do this it is a failure.

No one wants the Volette to be a failure, I am sure; yet, very few are willing to send the paper data, which is in their sole possession, to be printed. Some will not even bother to take the time to tell you when you inquire of them, "Have you any news?" And there has been one incident when even Mr. Meek had not been informed that a very important event was to take place on the campus. If Mr. Meek was not aware of it, what chance would the Volette have? So I say "no news is bad news," and won't you please turn in what you know so every one else will know too.

## The REBEL'S CORNER

Rebel C. Forrester

Well, it looks like Spring has finally arrived to stay. (I've been saying that for the last month or so and so far it has turned cold and snowed after each of my declarations—so please, Mr. Weatherman, don't saw off the limb I've gotten myself out on this time! As I was saying, now that Spring has really sprung, I'll bet everyone can guess what the poet spoke of when he said, "In Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of —." For that matter, a young woman's fancy, also. Especially if they happen to be freshmen. No, it's not love, try again. Yep, that's right, you guessed it—that 113 English research paper.

Being a sophomore, I can now look back with longing from my secure position to those wonderful days last Spring when I wrote my paper. And what a brilliant piece of work it was, too. So interesting and well done. (Wonder what the heck it was about, anyway?)

Somehow, I hadn't quite realized that it was time for students to begin work on those things. This fact was forced quite suddenly on me as I was quietly "studying" in the library. Suddenly I noticed a tremor or sort of vibration all around me. At first I could hear nothing except a slight buzzing. This gradually increased as did the vibration, until I thought that it surely must be an earthquake. Then I noticed that it seemed to be coming upstairs. By this time the sounds had gathered in intensity till I was sure that some playful students had diverted the railroad tracks from downtown to the library. But no, as the sound reached the top of the stairs, I could see that it was only a large English class descending en masse on the library. The annual pilgrimage had begun and would continue every day for weeks. No longer would peace reign over our storehouse of knowledge, but chaos would be triumphant. I would have to find some other quiet place to sleep. Now I must give way to those freshmen with notecards and pens sticking out of every pocket. Instead of the hum of insects and street noises, I must listen to voices inquiring

about baseball scores, Olympic games, mining, oil or football. (Seems like half of this year's crop is writing on football—perhaps because of our successful season?)

From the expressions on some of their faces, it was quite obvious that some of them hadn't seen the inside of a library in years. Some of the boys would have been much more at home on a football field or on a basketball court than in running references on the rules of the game or its history.

There are quite a number of ways to handle this business of the 113 paper, most of which require varying amounts of work. This is of course regrettable but necessary. Naturally, the student always has the opportunity of doing absolutely no work during the entire quarter, but this course makes passing rather difficult, to say the least.

The easiest and most popular course to follow is simply to forget about the matter until a week before the thing is due. This type of action is not entirely voluntary, but may be caused by a sudden and violent attack of Spring Fever. This peculiar disease has been known to strike down its victims with a swift and deadly effect upon the mere sight of a notecard or theme tablet. If you use this method, it is possible to relax for 8 or 9 weeks and use that extra hour for that more pleasant necessity—sleep, while everyone else is slaving away at the task. However, this method has an inherent risk. When you finally wake up to the fact that the darn thing is nearly due and you haven't even started, considerable midnight electricity must be burned and a large stock of No-Doze pills should be laid in. Ah, well do I remember those who used this method last year. During the last week they were easily recognized by their unshaven, bleary-eyed appearance. Also by their muttering, incoherent speech. Only an idiot would adopt their course of action with its dire results. I well remember how awful I felt for a week or so! Of course, if you want to reduce yourself to such desperate measures, you can always do

## ALL-AMERICAN, A Modern Short Story

By HORACE OXFORD

(Concluded from Last Issue)

"O. K., old pal," said the fat man after looking Kip over. "What's your name?"

"My name is Bill Burns," lied Kip.

"O. K., Burns, my name is Jones, but my friends call me Fatso," said Jones.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," said Kip. "By the way, do you have a place I could sleep?"

"Why, yes," returned Fatso. "You can sleep upstairs over the joint."

The next morning, Kip returned to classes. The pool room was open only after 4 o'clock and until midnight; so Kip had plenty of time to go to school. When Kip went into history class no one spoke to him. All these people had been his friends; now they turned their backs on him. Kip went into his classroom and took his seat. Mr. Craig, the instructor, came into the room and seeing Kip, he left immediately. A moment later Mr. Craig returned and with him was a notice for Kip to report to the Dean's office at once.

Kip knew what to expect as he entered the outer office. A moment later the Dean's secretary called to Kip to come into the inner office. Kip straightened his shoulders and walked into Dean Farrow's office.

"Mr. Doyle," began the Dean immediately, "due to some information we have received, I will have to ask you to leave the campus of Western State University."

"Dean Farrow, I'll go, but I'd like to say something before I go," said Kip. "I'm not guilty, no matter what kind of information you have or ever will have. I also know who is guilty, but until I have definite proof I'll keep my mouth shut. So if you'll excuse me I'll leave."

Kip got up and left. He was so angry he was blind. He went down the street cursing himself and everyone.

His room over the pool room was quiet. He slept until he was awakened by someone laughing in the room below. He raised himself on one elbow and listened to the conversation of Fatso and someone else.

"I tell you, Fatso, it was a set-up. I'd just give this kid a couple hundred and he'd throw the game," laughed the stranger.

"Well, Joe Bob, you did have it lucky," mused Fatso.

So that was Joe Bob down there. Kip knew he had to see just what Mr. Joe Bob Jackson looked like.

He was a tall dark man with a mustache and a scar on his left cheek.

After Kip finished work that night, he paid Mr. Dave Halley a visit.

It was after midnight when Kip reached McKenzie Hall. Kip tiptoed into the hallway and down to his former room and quietly entered it. Kip jerked on the light and pulled Halley out of bed, slapping him awake.

"Halley, if you don't go tell Coach Woodrow the truth, I'll prove it was you and then I'll break you into pieces like a stick. I'm giving you exactly twenty-four hours." Kip threw Halley back in bed and strode out of the room. Kip knew he was going to see action soon, very soon.

Kip slept till about 11 the next morning. After eating his breakfast, he went back out to the school electronics lab. He thought he could get what he wanted from Mr. Carter, the radio technician instructor. He went into Mr. Carter's office and told him what he wanted. Mr. Carter believed his story and let him have the equipment he needed.

Kip went back to his room and did some wiring and installing of instruments under the counter in the cafe department of the pool room.

He was finished and sweeping the place when Fatso came down from his room. They hadn't been

what you're supposed to. That is, work on it an hour or so each day, until you finish it about a week before it is due, with no mental strain. No one in his right mind ever makes this choice. In fact, there is a tradition about this sort of thing on our campus. Anyone who does his theme in this manner is immediately stigmatized by the student body and professors. The glatter give him a large "A" and everyone knows the average student's attitude toward an A in English 113.

Well, those are the methods of tackling the problem. Weigh their assets and liabilities with care and make your choice accordingly. Then go to your corners and come out fighting at the bell. And may the best paper win!

down long when Joe Bob came in and ordered a hamburger and a beer. While Fatso was frying it Kip turned a little switch under the counter.

Kip kept sweeping around while Fatso and Joe Bob started talking about basketball.

"We're going to pull in some more easy cash tomorrow night, Fatso," confided J. B. Jackson.

"How do you know, Joe Bob?" questioned Fatso.

"I always have it fixed up with Mr. D., you know Mr. Dave Halley," laughed Joe Bob.

"Ha, ha," laughed Fatso. "I guess they got rid of Kip Doyle after that letter you wrote yesterday telling him he was careless and shouldn't leave our notes where roommates can find them."

That was enough to suit Kip. He picked up a bottle and walked up behind Joe Bob. He jerked Joe Bob around, hitting him square in the mouth and then threw the bottle at Fatso. Joe Bob fell over the counter and Fatso made a lunge at Kip who in turn clipped Fatso neatly under the chin and put him into slumberland. Joe Bob was coming to when Kip hit him again and called the police.

Kip gave the police his true identity and told them his story. The police sergeant didn't much want to believe his story, but he was willing to hold Fatso and Joe Bob until an investigation could be made.

The next morning there was a special meeting called by the board of directors at W. S. U. Coach Woodrow and Dave Halley were present at the meeting. Dean Farrow stood at one end of the table. "Gentlemen," he began, "I owe Mr. Doyle an apology. I also want to restore Mr. Doyle to his original position with the University. You see, gentlemen, Mr. Doyle planted a microphone and recording machine in a certain place and picked up some very interesting information I should like to play to you now."

As the record of Fatso and Joe Bob's talk began, Dave Halley turned white and stiffened like a statue. After the record was finished, Coach Woodrow came toward Kip.

"Kip, I'm sorry. I wish to apologize to you and to start you in the ballgame."

"That's O. K., Coach, but now I have to take this recording equipment back to Mr. Carter," grinned Kip.

Dave Halley was dismissed from college, and Fatso along with Joe Bob was held for court to open the following week.

That night as Kip came out on the floor the boos and jeers of the fans started immediately floating down to him. Then everything was suddenly quiet. Kip looked out on the floor and in the center stood Dean Farrow.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "before you proceed with your jeers for one of our players let me say something. Yesterday we threw Kip Doyle out of school because of a scandal which you have heard about. Today we have taken him back because he has proven himself innocent and also brought the real culprit to justice. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish publicly to apologize for the entire faculty and student body of Western State University to Mr. Kip Doyle for believing him dishonest."

When the rafters quit shaking from the cheering of the fans, Kip felt so good, that he just couldn't miss the basket. He scored forty-five points.

At the end of the season, Kip Doyle was All-American Kip Doyle.

## ABOUT BOOKS

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET by Elizabeth Goudge. Reviewed by Polly Crowder.

"Green Dolphin Street" is a novel of fiction, based on facts, that could be classified as a social novel. It cannot be called, in a true sense a novel of plot, but neither can it be called a true character novel. The characters, although definitely types, are certain to be indelibly imprinted in the memory of those readers who will live with the Le Patourelles in the centuries to come. "Green Dolphin Street" seems destined to take its place among those novels that have withstood the rigid test of time.

Combining an ingenuity of her own with intriguing facts and leg-ends, Author Elizabeth Goudge has skillfully maneuvered the age old love triangle into a novel that challenges its readers as to the finale.

Beautiful similes and abundant metaphors characterize Miss Goudge's writing and tend to add a zip to otherwise slow parts of a story.

Marianne, plain but bright in her youth, showed her ambitious character and her determination to get along early in life, by becoming one of the most dignified ladies of her time. Even as a child she was serious, meditative, and self-willed. As she grew to womanhood, her dominating character caused her to become clever, tactful, and cunning—anything to satisfy her selfish greed for worldly goods. All was not bad about Marianne, however, for her devotion to those whom she loved has been unexcelled. She was held in high respect by all who knew her and quite deservedly, too. Marianne's one weakness (as she called it) was for helping the poor, but she had no use for a sluggard.

Marguerite, the younger of the sisters, is typical of the "goody-goody" type, with the expected ravishing beauty and sunny disposition. She was a native creature who loved everyone and everything. Always thinking of others' happiness before her own, she was not jealous even when Marianne married her lover. Naturally she had to have a reward for her virtue; so she became the head nun at the Convent, shortly after entering there.

William, the lover of Marguerite and the husband of Marianne, was a weak, scatterbrained young man who was mentally lazy and lacked the ambition of Marianne. His spirit of gaiety and manner of life seemed more comparable to that of Marguerite's. He had a bad memory for names, a trait that cost him many years of unhappiness, but whatever else may be said about William, he was certainly no quitter, but made the best of a bargain. Although usually peaceful and agreeable, William was quite obstinate where the happiness of those he loved was concerned.

Naturally, as you would expect in most novels, Williams and Marianne's daughter was a living image of William's first love. Veronique drew husband and wife together; yet tore them apart by their jealousy. She was a frail, simple naive child who had always had life just as her dreams demanded. Lacking the practical experience for success in an undertaking, she found it hard when life's problems did not follow the pattern of her dreams.

"Green Dolphin Street" appealed to me because it did not end with "And they got married and lived happily ever after." You are born, grow up, and grow old with characters. "A threefold cord shall not be broken."

## 585 NERVOUS FINGERS COMPETE IN FOURTH ANNUAL TYPING CONTEST HELD FRIDAY 13th

As I watched the eager participants of the Fourth Annual Typing Contest come in, I saw the hopeful faces of the would-be winners, and my thoughts went back to the years when I was in a similar group. How well I could sympathize with the delegates, who could be best described as the possessors of 585 nervous fingers. They probably had difficulty even typing, "Now is the time for all good men, etc."

The list of prizes would spur anyone on to victory. Take heart delegates for Friday, the 13th, is going to prove lucky for some of you. Mr. Rufus Speaks, Head of the Business Administration tells me that the winners will be announced in the "near future." (Don't they always tell us that?) Included in the awards are a Parker pen and pencil set, two Waterman pen and pencil sets, two Sheaffer pen and pencil sets, 12 bookstore pen and pencil sets, and 12 slip-over T-shirts from the bookstore.

Seven and one-half thousand dollars is a fabulous sum of money to all of us, but that was approximately the value of those business machines that were displayed by Remington Rand dealer, O. E. Davis and Supply Co., Jackson; Royal dealer, Howard Happy, Mayfield; and Underwood dealer, Tom Lawler, Jackson. Remington Rand displayed standard, electric and portable typewriters, and an adding machine. Royal contributed a standard, electric, and two portable models, a calculator, two adding machines, and a 1951 model mimeographing machine. Underwood also furnished standard, electric and portable typewriters as well as a bookkeeping machine and two adding machines. Approximately 540 students visited the display that was held in the Student Center.

## One Man's Opinion

By JAMES MARTIN

Mid-terms have breezed by, almost as fast as our coal and oil reserves are being diminished. We have formed a conviction of our final grades and from here on out, for most of us, lies six weeks of hard labor. I have detected a cynical grin on the faces of many sophomores as the poor freshmen struggle with their term papers.

"Term-papers"—that is an hal-lowed expression which shall remain with me throughout all the years of my life. With its constructiveness and its great magnitude, created from a million pages of professional print by my little-bitty hands and with my little-bitty mind. I have struggled through the 27th page of my first reference book, "Coal Mining," and, boy, am I in a fix! I am 4,000-feet deep in a dark and dreary coal mine cut off from all escape by a tremendous cave-in. The carbon monoxide is slowly uniting with my hemoglobin (yes, I have blood), and I am slowly suffering from the thick fumes released by that black demon, coal—this a job for Super Louse! (Where is Jerry Millard?) If I survive I shall receive three benefits from my labors: a worn-out right hand, a good case of insomnia, and a cracked hydrocarbon. Fear not, my poor children, for Messrs. Kroll, Murphey, and Chenette will doctor the ills you suffer during your long and strenuous journey, but the sixty-four-dollar question is: will they be able to bring you back alive?

Now to more brighter, much better, and most beautiful subjects—women, women, women, and a few dislocated males. My primary and foremost objective in life is to please all the women. My first good deed is to please Betty Hamm. She feels disheartened upon a certain campus Charlie's failure to show up for a tennis date. She says that she was well attired and was ready for Hedy, but Hedy wasn't there. My comment—Mr. Owens is an engineer, and engineers are brilliant—could it be that there is not a male living able to resist Sugar's overbearing charms? Don't cry, baby, for he "stood Teresa Gravette up too. Just read my poem.

Spring football tryouts are busily going on here at the college, but it seems that some of the boys are trying out for other sports too.

A Pontiac stationwagon—two Covington boys—Betty Pafford and Bobbie Sanders—two cherry-red faces—ahhh!

Spring is here and has taken effect on many of our single males and available females. Dan Hadley was seen with Margaret Sanders at the Varsity; Louis Evans, that bashful hunk of man, seems to be making headway with Louise Hurt; Becky and Nelson are seeing a lot of each other; but the Spring Mystery is, "Who will win that lover of lovers, that golden boy with the wavy hair, that transplanted Yankee with the cute smile—Thomas P. Nack." Speaking of Carolyn Tallmadge and Miriam Jenkins, they are running neck to neck—that is, Tom's neck.

Take it from an Engineer, the Engineers' Ball was a hilarious success. The gym was craftily decorated with a St. Patrick's Day theme (the huge shamrock by courtesy of Tom Nack, Nelson Gonyow, and Dwight Johnston). The ladies were attractively dressed and the men likewise, on the masculine trend. The punch was served by me and was exceptionally good, but the credit goes to Jerry Millard who mixed the concoction. The ball ended with a bang and a crash, and as I mopped the floor, tear drops dripped from the eyes of Messrs. Sailer, J. O. Jones, and Luttrell. Yes! It was quite a night.

Sympathy is expressed by everyone in behalf of Cynthia Presson. Everyone has tried their best to show Louis Evans the way to her heart, but their attempts were to no avail. Joe Gay went all out, and I exposed all as best I could, but it seems that Louis is just too bashful to mingle with the girls he adores. Call this item uncalled-for trash, but I call it

the cold truth. Everyone has conceded defeat, leaving Cynthia and Louis to fate.

Peeping inside the Engineering building the other night, I noticed a few of the boys testing Mr. Luttrell's cow dehoover frame. I could hear the cow mooring violently. The next day I was surprised to find "Flash" Taylor grazing in the west pasture, and I was equally astounded with a greeting of "moo."

Quotes and misquotes and derivatives: "Well now folks," Mr. Kroll's favorite expression; "Well, low and behold," Mr. Sadler's Missouri drawl; "Gentlemen, from here the answer is obvious," Mr. W. C. Taylor's misconception; "The first question is, . . ." Mr. Campbell's "opening" address each day; "Put away your drawing books and notes and (a big grin), I'll pass out your test," Ed McKinney's Texas lullaby; "Have you a fact, Evans?" Mr. J. D. Jones's by-word; "Ha-ha! (a joke) Ha! Ha!," Digger O'Dell Jones and his hilarious jokes; "Life—is—a—hard—draw, etc." Harbison's explanation of work; "To paraphrase Irresistible," Mr. Chenette's excuse; and "Mr. 66," Mrs. —, Mr. —, and Robert L. White, Jr., Mr. Murphy's roll call.

It is not safe to wander around the campus alone this quarter, as the zoology students are busily hunting for bugs. James Baker caught me, the other night, but let me fly away because he could not find my species. Peeping into Robert Glasgow's room, I found the poor fellow tenderly crying as he administered cyanide to his little friends. Walking through the hall last night, I thought I'd uncovered a rare specimen, but as I drew closer, it was only Jerry Millard. He promised me that he would put shields over his eyeballs and a red flash on his nozzle whenever he walks in the dark from now on. Well, we all feel a little buggy this time of the year.

Speaking of bugs, there are male bugs and female bugs, which brings my thoughts back to lady bugs. A few male students have uncovered some good specimen lady bugs. Bob Shields is proud of his prize specimen, Betty Hunter.

Under the heading of lady bugs, I guess would be classified Mary Katherine Moss as the chitter-chatter, half-pint, black-headed, monomotion lady bugs. (mono means one, and the one motion of this bug is the chitter-chatter of its larynx.) Fred Welch sure has a complicated specimen to deal with.

A beauty revue was held the 11th to pick "Miss U.T.J.C. for 1951. All the girls were beautiful and the male audience enjoyed the passing parade very much. Although disappointed by the absence of bathing suits, I found my time was well spent. Congratulations go to Polly Chalker who was chosen out of 28 candidates. Everybody will agree that Polly has double-fold gifts—beauty and a wonderful personality. The maids were Nancy Marshall and Barbara Curtis—two wonderful girls everyone will agree. Yes, we will be well represented at the Strawberry Festival.

Question marks: Which one—Bobby Jowers or David Turner with Anne Taylor? Is it love? Emory Davis and Betty Wooten; Is Sugar sweet? (A Gallup Poll of the male population's opinions); Is Polly Crowder a crowd-erer?; Is Jane Rankin free? Larry Wilson seems to have lost his romantic touch.

Helpful hints—Freeman Hall, keep shades down Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays from 10 to 12; Martin, Hadley, and Brown have their sights set your way. Dining Hall—don't break line. It's not etiquette and you'll hurt only yourself by the opinions others will form of you. Chemistry students—study your notes and lessons every night, especially those taking 113 under Mr. Campbell. General—sleep eight hours each night and stay awake the entire day.





## FREEMAN HALL'S UPS AND DOWNS

Dear Susan,  
Now that those exams are over, I'll try to send you the latest dope of the dorm.

You know that this time of year finds more students outside than in the dormitory, but some of the boys have cars; so they can have a little private conversation.

Our telephone line is as busy as ever with Billy Seaton calling Teresa every night. Willie, who makes all those phone calls from Memphis, and Jimmy recently came to see Anita and Nell.

Have you ever heard of anyone's taking a football course by correspondence? You just ought to hear Alice!

Robbie was really disappointed when she didn't see that (sailor). But school is school, you know, and those cuts in classes count. Better luck will maybe come next time.

Some more sadness darkened our dorm recently when Dot Hosse received the news that her uncle had passed away.

Some have been visiting in each other's homes recently. Betty Wooten visited Teresa at Rutherford, and Anita visited Margaret Brown at Milan last weekend.

Oh Yes! You know about the Strawberry Festival I'm sure. Well, the two maids are from this dorm, Barbara Curtis and Alice Roberson.

The Alamo Band came Wednesday and stayed until Saturday to practice for the Strawberry Festival. Some of the members of it were welcomed by Anne and Marie, old acquaintances you know.

There is still lots of eating between meals, especially candy suckers that Betty Hamm brought back with her.

We still have those little animals, either bugs or mice around making noise. Carole is wearing out shoes throwing at them.

Perhaps I'd better close now and take a little look at a book because those pop quizzes come pretty often.

We are all pleased and honored to have Barbara Curtis, second maid, and Alice Roberson, alternate, as Freeman Hall contribution to represent UT in the Strawberry Festival at Humboldt. Congrats, Girls.

Girls, if you really want the inside dope about the boys of the campus (mainly freshman ag.), just take Hart. You will find the boys sit in the shade and let the girls plant the garden.

Corinne Wadley has discovered what "The Thing" really is. One night recently she walked into her room and there it was, hanging on the light.

It's a pity we can't all have a good-looking sailor named Joseph like lucky Betty Jo Greer.

Boys, if you want to make a hit, just take note of "Red" from Alamo. He has really been the Don Juan of the campus the last few days.

Have you seen that little brown dog running around the campus? Well, his name is "Charlie." If you don't believe it, just ask Louise McPeake.

Bye now,  
I'm a Goin'

## BULL FROM THE BARN

I was sitting at my desk the other day, trying unsuccessfully to absorb the contents of a chapter in my Chemistry text, when I heard a gentle tapping at my door. In the usual dorm fashion I bellowed "Come in, the door's unlocked." There followed a feeble and vain attempt to open it. Then I knew that it was somebody who wasn't accustomed to my room, because the door sticks, and I keep a battering ram just outside it for public utility. So, I got up and gave it (the door, not the battering ram) a big yank. It came open and I looked out (at about the level that the average person should stand) and saw only the opposite wall. I looked up, no luck. I looked down, and saw something. Was it man or mouse? Could be a nymph. "Hello," I said as I screwed the door back on its hinges.

"Selling funny books." It said. "Two for a nickel."

I noticed that it had nothing about it that looked like funny books. Just had its hands in its pockets rattling change.

"Where's the books?" I asked.

For an answer it produced a confederate from around the corner. Said Confederate was loaded with tattered funny books that looked as if Rover had been escorting them about the ground. Wet ground at that.

I began to become interested in this young entrepreneur. I inquired as to his name.

"Two for a nickel," was the answer, accompanied by another rattle of the change, which is very disconcerting to one as broke as I stay.

"Hm, interesting." This was strictly a business call, and no time for petty conversation, but I tried again.

"Make a lot of money at this?" Not trying to be personal, just casting about for something to say. However, I suspected he wouldn't answer this one, the Income Tax men might overhear him.

"Two for a nickel." Still firm and with more rattling. (Of the change, that is.)

"Oh," I said. I could picture this young fellow, 20 years from now (of course with proportional-

ly increased stature, maturity, and business technique) talking to another gentleman. He would be saying "Two hundred thousand or no contract, Mr. Higgenbottom, and that's final."

My reverie was broken by a who came out with another "Two for a nickel," and accompanying rattle. It was a little insistent this time, as if to say "Come, now, man, if you're going to do business, snap to it. I've no time to waste."

"Hm." I tried to appear as if giving this deal much thought, and not rushing blindly into any trap. "Well, I guess I'll take a nickel's worth."

"A nickel's worth?" It queried with an inflection that said "You cheap cad." It gave a meaningful look to its Confederate who promptly bestowed upon me a glance of utter contempt. Then it resumed its gaze at me—a gaze of pity and contempt mixed.

I was already seated so I hitched about three vertebrae farther down in my chair. "Uh, what I meant was, a dime's worth." The contemptuous gazes eased up a bit, so I raised myself one vertebra. I started reaching for my pocket, but a little voice in it said, "Haw, haw!" That's all it said, and that's all it needed to say. I was broke. My mind began working desperately to get me out of the situation. Then I thought of the one that the people used to pull on me when I was a paper carrier and tried to collect from them. "I haven't got any change," I said. I noticed with devilish glee that a slight bit of disappointment had crept into its face, which had heretofore carried only that contempt. I continued, "But say, can you change a twenty?" I reached ceremoniously for my billfold.

"Sure," It said, and started pulling greenbacks out of its pockets. To make a long story short, I borrowed a dime and went through with the deal. But that's not the point. The moral of the story is, what chance have we older people (and I use the term strictly comparatively) when young business geniuses like this one are springing up all around us?

Deferment of high school graduates to enter the first year of college must of necessity await the outcome of legislation now pending. National Headquarters officials found it necessary for immediate action to determine the eligibility of students now in college for further deferment, but that further time is permitted for the study of criteria for high school students, who wish to enter college.

The Educational Testing Service will use the Junior College as one of its many testing centers. There is no cost to the registrant except getting to the place of testing. It appears that a much larger number of May high school graduates will enter college in June than would ordinarily enter. They will then be eligible for the June 16 or June 30 test according to existing regulations.

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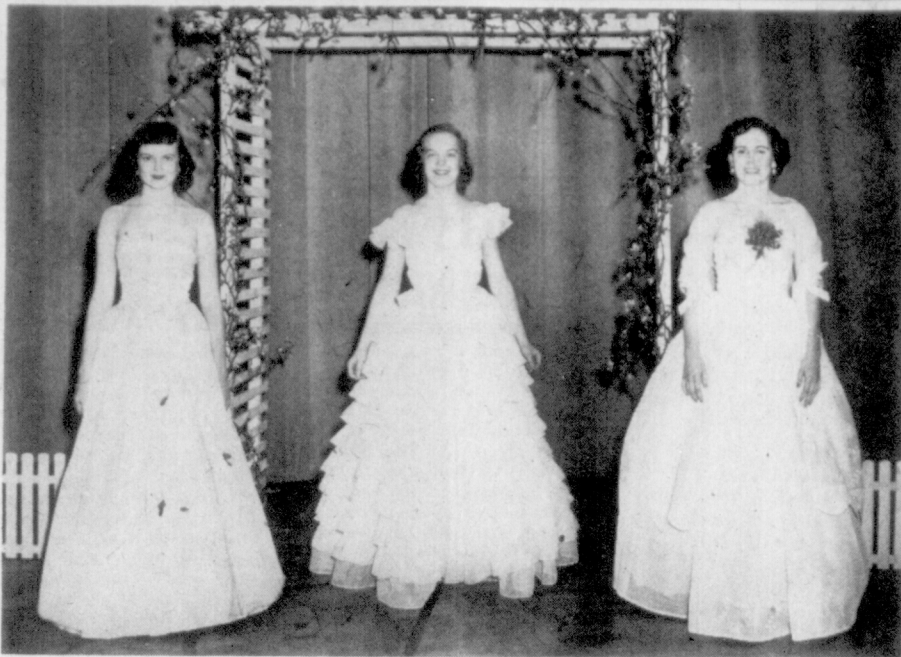
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Queen Polly Chalker, center, and Nancy Marshall and Barbara Curtis, maids, will represent UTMB at the annual Humboldt Strawberry Festival.

## T-Club Hayride Provides Fun

"Hail, Hail, the gang's all here," and they're out to have a good time. That was the theme on the night of April 6th, when all the guys and gals of the T-Club and their dates climbed aboard two trucks laden with hay. The football team had just gotten back from a trip to Bethel where they won by a score of 6 to 0. This good news helped put everybody in high spirits as the party got underway.

Although the night breezes were rather cool, the blankets and hay helped keep everyone warm on the way to the Dresden Park. The chaperones were finally recognized under their layers of wraps as Mr. Campbell, Mr. Duncan, and Mr. Vaughn. Mr. Henderson was quite a spectacle in his football warm-up jacket, hood and all. The destination was reached without a single casualty from frostbite.

Upon arrival, the group was taken over the park by the custodian, the very capable Mr. A. B. Bradley, who lacks only 10 hours on his master's degree. The gentleman has a pleasing personality and dry wit which made him an instant favorite.

The first step in the day's activities was a tour of the park with the museum as the first stop. This building has no resemblance to a museum, but looks like a little, white, country farmhouse. It sits on the edge of a bluff overlooking one of the grand views and was used as a hospital by the Confederate troops. It is full of guns, arrowheads, uniforms, some containing bullet holes, documents, books, flags, a spinning wheel, an oxen yoke, a skull, and several cannon balls with which the boys tested their prowess.

Columbus Fort, a well-fortified and strong position, was westernmost chain of forts running across Tennessee. It had a large earthwork, which is still visible, and several big cannon.

The next stop was the huge chain and anchor, now imbedded in cement, which the Confederates designed to impede Grant's gunboats coming down the river. The chain was strung across the Mississippi on barges, but, unfortunately for the Confederate army, it broke and the troops retired to other forts in the vicinity.

Next on the agenda was Lookout Point, a spot which offered a magnificent view. It was here that we peered timidly over a 175-ft. precipice and marvelled at the extensive view.

This trip was not only delightful for its recreational facilities, but was unusual for its educational advantages.

After the tour was completed, softball and volleyball were enjoyed by the more energetic while others watched the barges crawling by or admired the gorgeous sunset across the Father of Waters.

There was no lack of refreshments, and if the hot dogs and marshmallows were slightly burned, no one objected seriously. The weather was at its best, spirits were at their highest, and nature was at her most glorious. The departure was reluctant, and we all owe a vote of thanks to our efficient and very able sponsor, Mr. Speaks, for a grand day.

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## RAMBLING THROUGH REED HALL

This is to inform all those who visited in Reed Hall during Open House that we, the residents of said hall, are not responsible for accidents or injuries caused by opening closets. (Well, where else could we stack all that junk that usually claims priority on the middle part of the floor? Bet even Fibber McGee would have been jealous if he could have seen the thorough job we did.)

You know, girls, why don't we present a petition to the Administrative Council requesting one day a week to be set aside (without classes, of course) for cleaning our rooms. It sure would help the "Looks" situation and after all, aren't we for beautifying this place up?

With all the hustle and bustle of Open House, we still found time for a delightful little party, that seemed to lack only one thing—a queen! How could we have overlooked such a thing with all those living right among us?

Celeste Thomas is trying her best to get us all in the marrying mood by inviting the whole lot

of us to her "hitching party" at the Methodist Church, June 3. Thanks, Celeste, and our best wishes for your happiness.

Here's to all you unattached girls: Let's push the button and turn on the charm, 'cause things might prove interesting next year from the looks of the football prospects for '51.

And let's not forget that popular little readhead, Miriam Jenkins, who has won the friendship of all, and is our new president for next year. That reminds me that next year we're going to have to change our constitution to give the juniors a part in our government. Pore little ole things, they're just left out all around.

Things sure buzzed in ole Reed Hall after the beauty revue the other night. Naturally, we had no doubt but that Polly Chalker would walk off with the crown but after seeing all those other luscious looking (the boys' comments) girls, someone might have had their doubts. We're betting on you to bring a title back from Humboldt, Polly.

## DEAR DIARY

April 9—Dear Diary,

I just found out about our Dorm Party for Friday night. Golly, who will I ask??? I could ask —, but would he go? Or even — but he doesn't dance very well, I really ought to ask — but I just can't ask him, 'cause I want him to ask me first. I'd ask — but he'd think I was running after him. Gee whiz, who will I ask??? Bewildered

April 10—Dear Diary—Today was very uneventful. I looked all the boys over and decided to ask —; he's so cute and sweet—and guess what! He smiled at me at dinner today! Aw, heck, you don't mean he's going steady. Guess that rules him out. Then there's — but Sue likes him and I wouldn't want to make her mad at me. Oh me, such a mess. Why wasn't I born pretty, so boys would like me? I just don't give a happy quack, I'm going to bed. Disgusted

April 11—Dear Diary—Wednesday, and still no date. I've got to ask somebody soon 'cause the girls are forever pestering me with who are you going with? Why can't they be quite sometimes? Do you reckon — would go? Hey, why haven't I thought of him before. Now that I think about it, he's been hinting around all week. Well, I'll show him—I just won't ask him. Determined

April 12—Dear Diary—He walked to chemistry with me this morning. Aren't his eyes cute, so twinkly and blue. I could have

I knew a girl named Passion, I asked her for a date; I took her out to dinner. Oh my how Passionate!

Girl: "I'd like to see the captain of this ship."  
Sailor: "He's forward, lady."  
Girl: "That's all right, this is a pleasure cruise."

The gray-headed man walking across the campus was hailed by a big young football player.

"Hello, coach!" cried the youth. "I thought you were told not to drink in training," snapped the

other angrily.  
"What makes you think I've been drinking, coach?"  
"I'm not the coach."

It was in the rugged hills of Middle Tennessee that a traveler saw a farmer holding a pig in his arms so that the creature could eat the apples right off the tree.

"Won't it take a long time to fatten your hog that way?" asked the traveler.

"I suppose so," replied the farmer.

But what's time to a hog."





# UTJC SPORTS

## Boost the Vols

### Swimming Class For Beginners Underway

Yes, we're back in the beginners' class again—but not in Sunday School this time—it's in the swimming class.

The first day of this class, we all went down to the three-foot water and were actually scared to death in it. Then, "that teacher" had nerve enough to tell us to put our faces in the water!! This, I thought, would reduce the female population quite a bit at Little U. T. by "killing off" a few of the girls.

First, after we had learned to keep our faces under water, we learned to do the "jelly fish, float." Then, we learned to "push off" from the side and float across the pool on our stomachs with arms stretched out in front. Little by little, we're learning the arm movements, to kick, and attempting to learn to breathe!

The past week, we've learned (oh, yeah?) to float on our backs, and are now in the process of learning the elementary back stroke.

The "advanced" swimmers are doing "rather" well, too! The only catch that they do so much fancy "stuff" that we beginners stand and watch with open mouths. They can even DIVE!!

The swimming period was supposed to end this week, but it has been extended two more weeks, since we've done such extraordinary work!! Seriously, we've learned a lot in this class, and it's been fun!

At five o'clock on Mondays and Wednesdays is when the fun really begins. The pool gets rather crowded, though, at this time. This hour of pleasure really flies, and it seems as though it has only been about 15 minutes since we got in, when the whistle blows and someone yells, "Clear Out."

### U. T. Tennis Team Beats Lambuth

Spring is here and so is tennis. Coach Sadler's squad got off to a good start week before last when it won an easy triumph over the Lambuth squad. The match was played at UT in the face of a strong and gusty wind that caused the balls to do some odd tricks.

In singles, UT won five and lost one. Lifsey (UT) lost to David 2-6, 0-6. Whitaker celebrated his return to the campus with a 6-1, 6-0 win over Ford; Wheat beat Westmoreland 6-2, 6-4; Crenshaw defeated Burnett 6-1, 6-3; Wilson beat Laymon 6-0, 6-2; and Shields won over Edwards 6-4, 6-4.

In doubles Lifsey and Whitaker defeated David and Smothers 7-5, 7-5; and Wheat and Crenshaw defeated Johnson and Westmoreland 6-0, 8-6. The third doubles match was called because of darkness.

In girls' play, UT did not do quite so well, winning one singles but losing the other two singles and the lone doubles. Barr (good ole editor) won her match over Compton of Lambuth 6-1, 6-3; but James lost to Yancey 6-4, 6-3; and Summers lost to Antley 6-3, 6-3. In the doubles Barr and James were defeated by Compton and Yancey 6-2, 6-2.

#### REMAINDER OF SCHEDULE

April 26, Paducah, here.  
May 3 or 5, Paducah, there.  
May 4, Lambuth, there.  
May 18, Union, there.

There is a strong possibility of two matches being scheduled with Bethel.

### Union Wins Over Vols In Close Match

The Vols tennis squad played its second match of the season Friday, April 20. The opponent was Union and the Vols lost a hard-fought meet, 5-4. The games were played in warm sunny weather, ideal for both athletes and spectators.

In singles Whitaker (UT) lost to K. Young (U) 3-6, 7-5, 6-8; Wheat (U) lost to D. Young (U) 1-6, 2-6; Lifsey (UT) beat Doty (U) 6-2, 6-4; Shields (UT) lost to Coyle (U) 6-8, 4-6; Wilson (UT) won over Partin (U) 1-6, 6-2, 6-4; and Goodrich (UT) lost to Nimmo (U) 1-6, 0-6.

In doubles, the Vols won two of three. Whitaker and Lifsey defeated D. Young and Partin, 6-4, 6-2. Shields and Wheat defeated K. Young and Doty, 6-4, 7-5. Wilson and Goodrich lost to Coyle and Nimmo, 1-6, 6-1, 4-6.

"A fresh guy," said a girl to a friend, "tried to pick me up on the street yesterday. Boy, did he have a ritzy apartment!"

## Looking at Sports

WITH THE OLD PRO

Guess we should start an argument about General MacArthur—old generals never die—but we'll leave that to our friend Irresistible. Last issue we promised (or threatened) to "analyze" the baseball situation so here goes.

NATIONAL LEAGUE		AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Our Hope	Common Sense	Common Sense	Our Hope
Philadelphia	Brooklyn	New York	Cleveland
St. Louis	Philadelphia	Cleveland	Boston
New York	New York	Boston	Detroit
Boston	Boston	Detroit	New York
Brooklyn	St. Louis	Chicago	Chicago
Chicago	Cincinnati	Washington	St. Louis
Pittsburgh	Chicago	Philadelphia	Philadelphia
Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	St. Louis	Washington

#### THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

In this league there are really two leagues: one is the Yankees and the other isn't. Call it tradition, luck, or what you will, but the Yanks are like Ol' Man River, they just keep rolling along. (Come to think of it, shouldn't use that word "Yanks" so much should I, Elbitsiserry; Elbitsiserry spelled backwards is Irresistible, folks.)

Anyway, we figure the Yanks will win again, tho personally we'd like to see them finish last for just once. But they have what it takes when the going is tough and always win the ones they can't afford to lose.

As for Boston, well they have the most good ballplayers of any one team in the game today, but they don't pay off on statistics (right, Elbitsiserry?) and so the Mighty Mufflers will find another way to muf this year; they always do. Anyone who disagrees is referred to their first two games this season, one run in 18 innings. Oh, sure they'll make the headlines with 85 runs in three games against the Browns, but it's those non-runs in the games with the Yanks that will tell the story.

Cleveland: we like this team and think it has the most prospective power and pitching of any team in the league. If they all hit and pitch as they are capable of doing, they could land on top. BUT Cleveland will probably do such a thing as blow a 12-run lead against the Yanks and then lose four in a row to the Browns, a team that couldn't finish in the first division in the Sally League. By the way, whatever happened to Sally, fellows?

Detroit: not the team of a year ago. They have no one who gives any signs of being a replacement for Houtteman; they are weak at first and not too strong in catching; Gray has a sore arm and Lipon won't hit up to last year. No better than fourth this year unless Boston falls completely apart.

Chicago: The Sox may do some surprising this year. They have added power with Zarilla (Boston will wish it had him back); they have a really fine defensive infield; writing in the Sporting News Yankee manager Stengel called it the best in the league; and they have nothing to lose. All in all, they'll cause the others trouble when they least expect it. We pick them for fifth.

Philadelphia: a new manager, Dykes, for the first time since the league was founded. The A's will have more hustle than in recent years, but whether they have more ability is another question. One of their players, Moses, has been around almost as long as his name would indicate; the pitching is spotty and so is the infield.

Washington: The New York Times (Yep, I read it, Elbitsiserry) calls Harris the best manager in the league, but he can't manage powder-puff hitters into sluggers. Harris is doing one thing; with all those Cubans he is really building up international good-will. But that does not win pennants.

St. Louis: There are some things I cannot do. Making a major league team out of this outfit would take Houdini, Gaylord Hauser, Einstein, Dorothy Dix, and the abolishment of the other 15 big league teams.

#### THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

With the exception of the last three years, this league always has provided the close races as compared with the Yank runaways in the other. This year should be no different with at least three teams on a par.

Brooklyn: The most power in the league. Three players last year who hit more home runs than Musial; baseball's best defensive catcher (so say the experts) in Campanella; two outstanding outfielders in Snider and Furillo; strong around second with Reese and Robinson, ditto at first with Hodges. BUT: Roe throws gopher balls (34 last year and 3 in the first game this season); Newcombe either has or thinks he has arm trouble; and from those two—well, we read that in one and one-third innings of an exhibition with a Class C team Barney walked 11 and hit another. But the Brooks SHOULD win.

New York: On paper the best all-around team in the circuit. Good speed, strong defense, fine hitting potentialities, and three of the top four pitchers in earned runs last year; also a fiery manager. BUT can Maglie win 18 and lose 4; knocked out in his first start; can Hearn keep up where he left off last fall; Jansen is a proven pitcher, but who is No. 4? Also one weakness in the outfield and not too strong at first.

Philadelphia: Should have the added confidence from winning last year; a young team which should be improved both individually and as a unit. Perhaps the best double-play combine in Hamner and Goliath. BUT can they overcome the loss of 17-game winner Simmons? Most experts say "no," but last year the Phils won despite the fact that Meyer and Heintzleman combined won only 12 as contrasted with their combined 34 wins the preceding year. More doubtful, can Konstanty repeat; this, in our opinion, will decide the issue. IF he does the Phils will be on top come October 1.

POSTON: Three top-flight pitchers who on any given day need not yield to any others in either league. Torgeson is strong on first and two fine outfielders are Gordon and Jethroe. The team lacks reserve strength and is shaky at short. We're probably wrong but we think Elliott overrated at third. Team one of the oldest, may creak at the seams.

Chicago: Like the Phils a young team but not the same in quality. Our hunch is that it will cause a lot of headaches if problems at first and catching are solved. Pafko is a fine ballplayer, but Baumholdtz and Jeffcoat will have to hit. Smalley at short is brilliant but too erratic. Pitching is an unknown tho looking good in the first two games. A dark horse.

St. Louis: This team could surprise, either for good or for

### WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

As all schools must have rules and regulations, this school is no exception. The entire student body has been having a lot of trouble with their absences. The general opinion of the students seems to be that the teachers should all come to the same set of standard's as to absences.

This is our question for this time, "What do you think about the present system which the teachers use regarding cutting classes" and what you think should be done to help the situation?"

Bobbie McCoy: I think you should have as many cuts as you do quarter hours.

Patsy Stewart: I think they should tell us a definite number, like 3, 4, etc., so we would know what to expect.

Shirley Beaver: I think you should be able to cut each class at times when it is necessary.

Betty Hunter: I think you should be allowed more cuts.

Thomas Curry: I think they should be on the same system as phys. ed. You are given a chance to make them up and if you don't, so much is taken off your grade.

Jack Lewis: The teachers should be more considerate because sometimes it is necessary for you to miss.

Dan Hadley: I think they should all have the same set standards.

Billy Brooks: I don't think cuts make any difference as long as you make your grades.

Corrine Wadley: I think all the teachers should have the same basis.

Camilla Bivens: I think all the teachers should use the same system because we might forget which teacher we could cut under.

Bob Petty: We have about one-third too few.

Jane Wright: I don't think they should be so strict because we are the ones who have to make our grades.

Marie Gibson: So far so good, I've been excused from classes with very light make-up work several times when I had a good reason to be absent.

Vivian Ray: You should be allowed three cuts without failing. I do think they should have a limit though.

Henrietta Walters: I think you should be allowed one more cut than you get hours out of the course.

Jo Anne W.: "I've heard a man's arm is just equal to the circumference of a girl's waist."

David E.: "I'll get a string and we'll see."

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### Winners Named In Interscholastic Literary Contest

The Tennessee Interscholastic Literary League met at the University of Tennessee here at Martin on Saturday, April 7, and held the speech contests for West Tennessee high schools in this vicinity.

The teen-agers met at the gymnasium early Saturday morning for the general session and were welcomed by Mr. Allen, Faculty member. The contests were assigned to different places on the campus and promptly began at 9. After all the events were concluded, the winners were announced at a called meeting in the gym, Paris, Tennessee, received more places than any other school with Obion and Dresden placing a close second.

The winners of the debate were, Grove High School, Paris, Tennessee, first with the affirmative and Martin High School, second with the negative. The Judges were Mr. Smith, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Horton. Betty Hunter acted as a chairman.

The extemporaneous public speaking was held in room 9 of the Administration Building, with Mr. Chenette as Judge, and Rowena Newberry as chairman. Placing first was John Welford of Paris and second was David Culver, Dresden. The subject was "The U. N. Policy for the 38th Parallel."

David Hollard of Obion placed first in the Original Oratory for Boys, which was held in the Sitting Room of Freeman Hall. Second place went to Sidney Lane of Rutherford. Judges were Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Chenette, and Mrs. King. James Baker served as chairman.

In the Original Oratory for Girls, Rebecca Williams of Milan won top honors, while Patsy Hill of Paris placed second. Louise Hurt was the chairman; Mrs. Milton, Mrs. Henson, and Mr. King were the judges; and the Home Economics Sitting Room was the place.

In the Humorous Readings, Mary Lou Snow placed first, and Patsy Hearon, second. Mary is from Paris and Patsy comes from Obion. Mr. Allen was the judge and Barbara Curtis was the chairman.

Winning the Dramatic Reading was Nezi Weaver of Paris. Ruth Hudson from Mason Hall came in second in the readings that were held in the Reed Hall sitting room. Judges were Mrs. Meek, Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Krill with Jane Rankin as chairman.

Mr. Phillips' classroom was the scene of the Oral Interpretation of Poetry contest. Winners of that were June Dawson of Dresden and Mike Stower of Obion. June placed first in this event as she read "Rizpah" by Tennyson. Mr. Taylor was the judge and Jane Wright, chairman.

Ridgely High School walked off with first place in the Acted Drama which was held on the stage in the gym. Cloverdale High won second. Mr. Murphey was the judge, and Corilla Utley acted as chairman.

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## BETTY YOUNG

Lyric Soprano

Jane Albritton, at the piano

Tuesday, April 24, 1951 College Gymnasium  
PROGRAMME I

Alleluia! ..... O'Connor, Morris  
Non So Piu Cosa Son from Le Nozze di Figaro .... Mozart  
Mattinata ..... Ruggiero Leoncavallo

Jeune Fillette ..... Bergerettes, arr. by Wekerlin  
Bergere Legere ..... Bergerettes, arr. by Wekerlin  
Chantons les Amours de Jean, Bergerettes, arr. by Wekerlin

O mio Babbino Caro from Gianni Schicchi ..... Puccini  
Vissi d'arte, Vissi d'amore—from La Tosca ..... Puccini

#### Intermission IV

Were You There? ..... Arr. by H. T. Burleigh  
Little David ..... Arr. by Grant-Schaefer  
Go 'Way from my Window ..... John Jacob Niles

Music I Heard With You ..... Richard Hageman  
Treat Me Nice ..... J. A. Carpenter  
Tell Me, O Blue, Blue Sky! ..... Vittorio Giannini  
Within My Heart ..... Erno Balogh  
May-Day Carol ..... Deems Taylor  
Life ..... Pearl Curran

### Forum Club - - -

(Continued from page 1)  
that Eddy Arnold of U. T., Martin, Billy Caldwell, with his singing guitar and shy smile. Carolyn Booth completed the program with a bit of serious talk about the activities on our campus.

After dining in the Milan Plaza Dining Room, our Forum Clubbers headed for Jackson, the second stop for the day. At the Northside High School in Jackson, James Covington rendered that beautiful "Lucky Old Sun" which really proved to be a hit. After everyone had participated on the program, the tired but happy Forum Clubbers left Jackson for home—Martin, that is.

But that's not all. At their return, The Knights of the Wooden Box rushed them over to the broadcasting room for a repeat performance over the college broadcast. Could it be that this Forum Club has talent?

### Alamo Band - - -

(Continued from page 1)  
two in the afternoon. This should help them.

This really seemed like a good little band of about 50 pieces—15 of them being in the woodwind section, and three majorettes. The band also has new uniforms—red and white!

Well, the band left Saturday, and it's been terribly lonesome without the constant roll of drums, and the sound of the pretty march, "Thunderer" by Sousa. Altho, it's been mighty quiet around the dorm without Robert, who played a baritone, and Charles, who is as "red-headed" as they come! These kids are packed "jam-full of life!"

Good luck, Alamo, and come again!

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bad but, ignoring sentiment, it may be a long summer for Card fans. We doubt how much Bilko will hit; Marion will be lucky to play 50 percent of the time; third is not being filled by the best third sacker in the league, Harry Caray to the contrary notwithstanding. Who'll play center? Lowery, who started is old as ball players go. The pitching looks spotty. Boyer and Staley should be better, and there's Pollet. BUT of his 14 wins last season, 12 were against the 6th, 7th, and 8th place teams. The young pitchers MUST produce or the Cards can easily fall as low as sixth.

Cincinnati: At his best Blackwell is the best pitcher in either league, but where do you go from there? Big Ted Kluszewski looks headed for a fine year. Club officials have put themselves on the spot by predicting the Reds will finish higher than the Cards. This remains to be seen.

Pittsburgh: This club finishes last and yet draws more than a million customers. No other club can make that statement. Kiner will pull them in again, but may falter in his hitting if kept at first. There is more power too in Bell, Dillinger, and Westlake. The pitching is the weak spot and "weak" is a rather conservative term.